

—when she sees her bear fighting mine? Betcher hundred dollars my bear kills Tara!"

"To-morrow," said David. "I'll bet to-morrow. Where's the shack?"

David pulled his hat over his eyes. Brokaw told him what he and Hauck had planned. The bear in the cage belonged to him—Brokaw. A big brute; fierce; a fighter. Hauck and he were going to bet on his bear because it would surely kill Tara. Make a big clean-up, they would; and they needed the money. The girl had almost spoiled their plans by going away with Tara. And he—Mac—was a devil of a good fellow for bringing her back!

David leaned over and gave Brokaw a jocular slap, forcing a laugh out of himself. "Prettiest kid I ever saw! How did it happen? She hasn't belonged to you very long, eh?"

"Long time, long time," replied Brokaw. "Years ago."

Suddenly he lowered the cup so forcibly that half the liquor spilled.

"Hauck said she didn't," he growled. "Said she didn't belong to me any more, an' I'd have to pay for her keep! I did. I gave him a lot of gold!"

"I should have killed him, shouldn't I, Mac—killed him an' took her?" cried Brokaw huskily. "Like you killed the breed for that long-haired she-devil over at Copper Cliff!"

"I—don't—know," said David slowly, praying that he would not say the wrong thing now. "I don't know what claim you had on her, Brokaw. If I knew—"

"She's mine—been mine ever since she was a baby," he confided, leaning across the table. "Good friend give her to me, Mac—good friend, but a fool!" He chuckled. "Dam' fool!" he repeated. "Any man's a dam' fool to turn down a pretty woman, eh, Mac? An' she was pretty, he says. My girl's mother, you know, so she must have been pretty."

"What happened?" David urged.

"Bucky, my friend, in love with that woman—O'Doone's wife," resumed Brokaw. "Dead crazy, Mac. Crazier'n you were over the breed's woman, only he didn't have the nerve. Just moped around waiting, keeping out of O'Doone's way. Trapper, O'Doone was—or a Company runner; forget which. Anyway, he went on a long trip in winter, and got laid up with a broken leg long way from home. Wife and baby alone, an' Bucky sneaked up one day and found the woman sick with fever—out of her head. An' if she didn't think he was her husband!"

His eyes half closed.

"BUCKY got her to run away with him," continued Brokaw, "her and the kid, while she was still out of her head. Bucky even got her to write a note, he said, telling O'Doone she was sick of him an' was running away with another man. Bucky didn't give his own name, of course. An' the woman didn't know what she was doing. They started west with the kid."

"But all the time Bucky was afraid! He dragged the woman on a sledge, and snow covered their trail. He hid in a cabin a hundred miles from O'Doone's, an' it was there the woman come to her senses. Bucky says she was like a mad woman, and that she ran screeching out into the night, leaving the kid with him. He couldn't find her. She never came back."

"He waited till spring, keeping that kid, and then he made up his mind to get it back to O'Doone in some way. He sneaked back to where the cabin had been, and found nothing but char there. It had been burned. Oh, it was funny!"

"And after all his trouble he hadn't dared to take O'Doone's place with the woman. Said it was conscience. Bah! He was a fool. You don't get a pretty woman like that very often, eh?"

"Came west, Bucky did—with the kid," he went on. "Struck my cabin on the Mackenzie a year later. Told me all about it. Then one day he sneaked away and left her with me, begging me to put her where she'd be safe. I did. Gave her to Hauck's woman, and told her Bucky's story. Later Hauck came over here. Three years ago I come down from the

Yukon, and saw the kid. Pretty? Gawd, she was! And she was mine. I told 'em so."

"Mebbe the woman would have cheated me, but I had Hauck on the hip because I saw him kill a man when he was drunk—a white man from MacPherson. Helped him hide the body. And then—oh, it was funny!—I ran across Bucky! He was living in a shack a dozen miles from here, an' he didn't know Marge was the O'Doone baby. I told him a big lie—told him the kid died, an' that I'd heard the woman had killed herself, and that O'Doone was in a lunatic asylum. Mebbe he *did* have a conscience, the fool! Went away soon after that."

"And this man Bucky—what was his other name, Brokaw?"

Brokaw's voice came in a husky whisper:

"Tavish!"

THE next instant Hauck was in the open door. He did not cross the threshold at once, but stood there for perhaps twenty seconds, his gray, hard face looking in on them.

"I'm sorry," David said. "He's terribly drunk."

"Yes, he's drunk," Hauck said, his voice hard as rock. "Better come to the house. I've got a room for you. There's only one bunk in here—McKenna."

He dragged out the name slowly, a bit tauntingly, it seemed to David. And David laughed. Might as well play his last card well, he thought.

"My name isn't McKenna," he said. "It's David Raine. He made a mistake, and he's so drunk I haven't been able to explain."

Without answering, Hauck backed out of the door. It was an invitation for David to follow.

Hauck led him to a room almost opposite the one Marge had said belonged to her.

"This will be your room while you are our guest," he said.

He tried to speak affably.

"Make yourself at home," he added. "We'll have breakfast in the morning with my niece."

David was glad that he turned away without waiting for an answer. He did not want to talk with Hauck now. He wanted to turn over in his mind what he had learned from Brokaw.

It was Tavish, then—that half mad hermit in his mice-infested cabin—who had been at the bottom of it all! The discovery did not amaze him profoundly. He had never been able to dissociate Tavish from the picture, unreasoning though he confessed himself to be.

His mind leaped back to that scene, years ago, when Marge O'Doone's mother had run shrieking out in the storm of night to escape Tavish, even leaving her baby girl in her madness and terror. Tavish believed she had died. But she had not died!

He was filled with a great desire to go at once to the girl and tell her of this wonderful new fact that had come into her life, and he found himself suddenly at the door of his room, with his fingers on the latch.

He thought of Father Roland, of the mysterious change that came over him that night of Tavish's death, of the mystery-room in the Château where he worshipped at the shrine of a woman and a child who were gone—of—

He clenched his hands and stopped himself. Tavish, the woman, the girl—Father Roland!

He was still pacing his room when the creaking of the door stopped him. In another moment Marge O'Doone stood inside. He had not seen her face so white before. Her eyes were big and glowing darkly—pools of quivering fear, of wild and imploring supplication. She ran to him, and clung to him with her hands at his shoulders, her face close to his.

"Sakewawin—dear Sakewawin—we must go—we must hurry—to-night!"

She was trembling, fairly shivering against him. He put his arms about her.

"What is it, child?" he whispered, his heart choking him suddenly. "What has happened?"

To be continued next week



## SENSATIONAL SALE of HEATERS and RUGS

**Never Before Such Bargains As These**

The House of Hartman is one of the biggest home furnishing institutions in the world. We have capital and resources of more than \$12,000,000. Our buying power is practically unlimited. We buy in lots of thousands where others buy in dozens and hundreds. We can afford to and—we do—sell highest quality merchandise for less money.

**Your Credit Is Good At Hartman's**

Think of what a wonderful heater this must be when we are willing to ship it to you without a cent in advance—no deposit—no C. O. D.—no security—no red tape of any kind—not even your promise to buy. Mail coupon and we will ship it at once. If you are positively convinced that it is the greatest heater bargain you ever saw, pay us only 50c in ten days after it arrives and the balance of our bargain price of only \$14.85 at the rate of \$1.00 per month. Order by No. MK231.

**Vulcan Heater Bargain No. MK231.** Inside diameter of body 16 inches; height to top of urn 50 inches; opening of feed door 12x8 inches; floor space 21x21 inches. THIS HOT BLASTY saves fuel and produces intense heat. Air is admitted through hot blast tube and passes in and entirely around body of stove. The hot air mixing with gases and smoke as they rise, ignites them, making perfect combustion—the heat which in ordinary stoves passes up the chimney is all utilized in the Vulcan. Draw center shaker grate is made for either wood or coal. Shaker door permits shaking of grate without opening of ash pit door, preventing dust and ashes from falling out. Stove is lavishly nickel trimmed as shown in illustration. A special feature is its full cast iron base, which adds strength and rigidity to its construction. Nickel or bronze urn.

**ONLY 50¢ IN 10 DAYS**

## No Money In Advance

**Elegant "Fairport" Seamless Brussels Rug**

No. MK228. Handsome colorings of red, green, brown, tan are wonderfully blended so as to harmonize with any furnishings. Extra heavy and firmly woven of all wool and worsted yarns on a heavy warp. All colors guaranteed absolutely fast.

Send no money—just the coupon, and we will ship any one of three sizes named below that you select. Examine it thoroughly, and if you are perfectly satisfied, keep it and pay only 50c in ten days and balance of our special low bargain price as follows:

Size 8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in.	\$16.45—\$1.25 per month
Size 9x12 ft.	18.75—1.50 per month
Size 11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft.	22.85—1.75 per month

If you are not perfectly satisfied with this beautiful rug at the end of ten days, return it to us at our expense. Be sure to mail coupon for this wonderful rug bargain today, and judge its rare quality for yourself.

**Send for Bargain Catalog Free**

containing thousands of wonderful bargains in Home Furnishings. Only one of above bargains will be sent to a family, but when you get this wonderful Bargain Book, you may order as many items as you like, all at bed-rock bottom prices on the HARTMAN Easy Credit Plan.

**HARTMAN**

Furniture and Carpet Co.,  
3924 Westworth Ave., Chicago

Hartman Furn. and Carpet Co.,  
3924 Westworth Avenue, Chicago

Send me article No. ....

If I keep it, I will pay 50c in 10 days and balance in small monthly payments, as per terms and prices quoted in this ad.

Name.....

Address.....

If only catalog is wanted, place an X in this ☐

# 1 Safety Razor Blade does the work of 4

When magnified, the cutting edge of a razor blade looks like a saw. After shaving, no matter how well you wipe the blade, moisture still clings between the microscopic teeth. As a consequence very tiny particles of rust form and the blade becomes dull and "pulls".

Put 3-in-One on your blade before and after shaving. Then rust can't possibly form. A little 3-in-One on your strop keeps it soft and makes the razor "cling" when stropping.

Try it and see. Your blades will last twice as long and shave clearer. Send for our booklet "A Razor Saver" and FREE generous sample of 3-in-One Oil.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 A.K.R. Broadway, N.Y.

F DU PONT  
FABRIKOID

RAYNTITE  
TOP MATERIAL

Single texture. Light and strong. Sheds water like a duck's back. Guaranteed one year against leaking, but built to last the life of the car. Any top maker can supply it.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME  
\$25.00 A WEEK

If you are tired of drudging for others, get into the Mail Order business and become independent. You can have a big money income by mail. We show you how. Furnish everything. Begin on spare time. Experience unnecessary. No canvassing. Rich returns. Write today for our free book "MAIL ORDER SUCCESS".

PEASE MFG. CO., Inc.

Dept. GG, 70 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

BIG MONEY QUICK

Learn latest authoritative way to make still bigger profits growing mushrooms. Make \$10 to \$15 a week. Anyone in city or country can do it in spare time. In basements, cellars, sheds, barns, etc. Demand enormous. Start now. Send for FREE expert book, "Truth About Mushrooms".

Bureau of Mushroom Industry Dept. 277, 1342 N. Clark St. Chicago

WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN

a good paying mail order business? We have a line that gets repeat orders all the time. You can start in spare time, invest a dollar or two a week and soon own a nice business of your own. Particulars free.

NADICO, 4303 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

All contributions to this magazine should be addressed to

THE EDITOR  
THE  
ASSOCIATED  
MAGAZINES

95 Madison Avenue  
New York City